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KNAVE

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YOUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE IS PACKED WITH EXCITEMENT AND COLOUR

HOW MUCH DO WOMEN ENJOY SEX?
TUPPY OWENS ON THE FEMALE POINT OF VIEW

WIT AS A WEAPON:
HUMOUR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

NEW
BLUE MOVIES
AND VIDEOS: EXAMINED IN DETAIL

48 PAGES OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
INCLUDING COVER GIRL CHARMAINE
YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Remember Mae West in a film in which she asked the housemaid to peel her a grape? Well, now introduce yourself to Bernadette who prefers them in bunches and swallows it all whole.

Bernadette

Now just imagine that action in real terms. (And forget about buying grapes for people in sick beds. Bernadette is so full of beans that she doesn't *need* them). You are invited to her apartment. All the colours are discreet. She looks at you in a way that flips coins inside your mind while your body leans against lamp-posts. So stay the night.

Photographed by Cecil Howes, Underwear from A

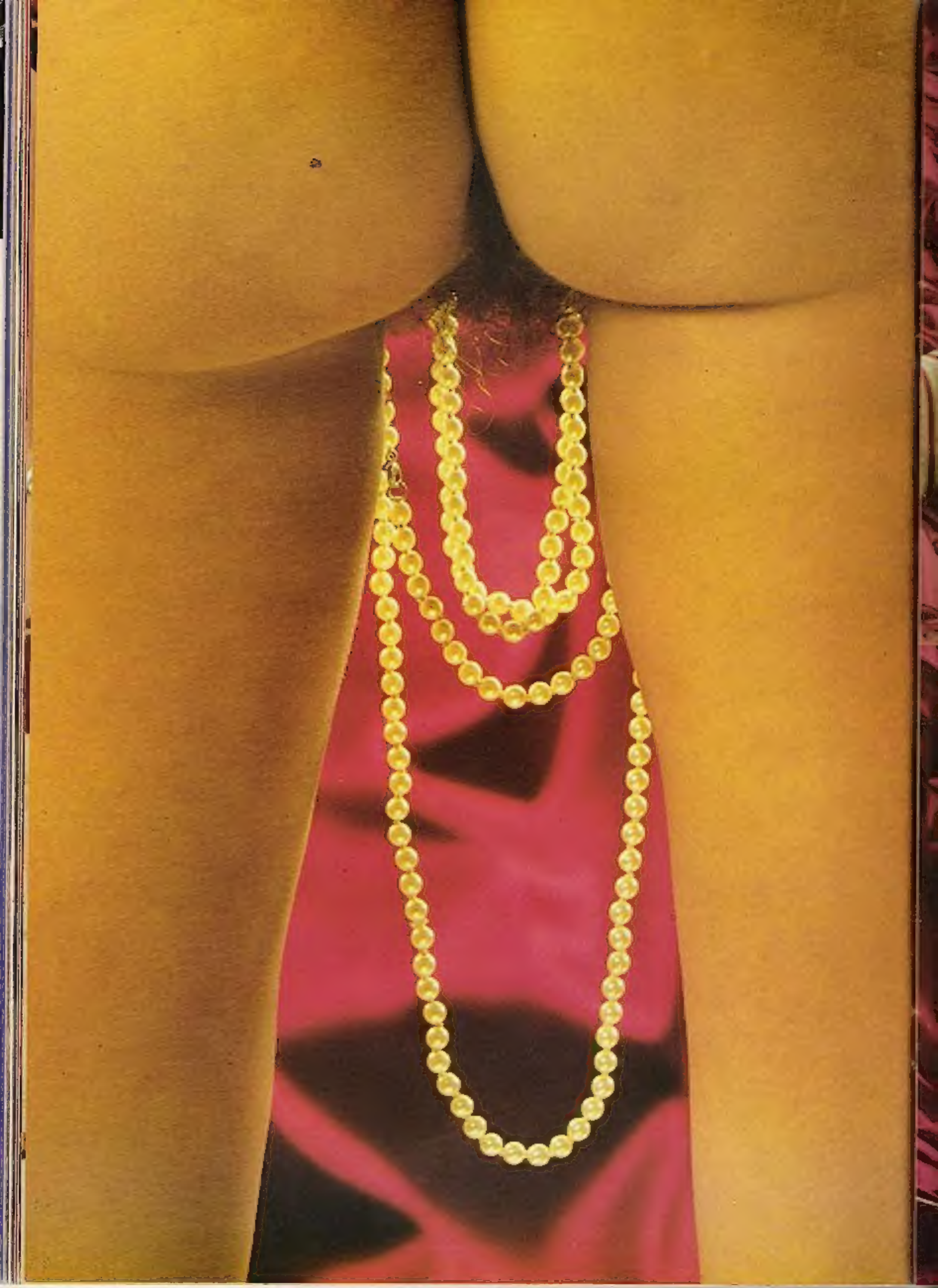
Charmaine

Imagine feverish hands tearing coloured ribbons and paper on gifts around the old pine tree this Christmas. Timex. Ronson. Gillette Techmatic (twin blade). Faberge. Remy Martin. Benson & Hedges gold. Surprise, surprise. Just what I wanted. How did you know? Etc.

Begin again. An oval chocolate box maybe with a soft red, satin interior. Prise open the lid. And there's Charmaine. Like the good-time girl inside a gangster's birthday cake. She's got a long string of pearls *(bite them)*, white chemise *(take it off)*, blonde hair *(stroke it)* and a neat body that'll really ladder your stocking this year *(make love to it)*.

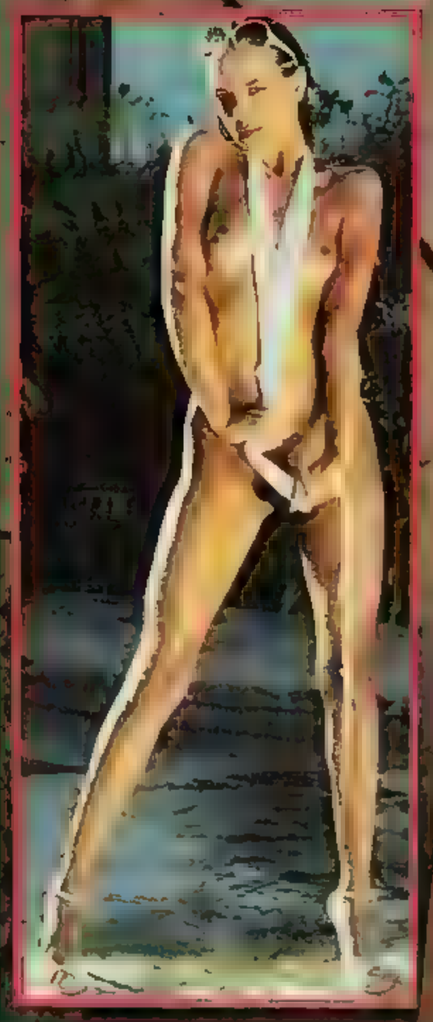
Charmaine

Photographed by Gnoll Howes. Underwear from Annie's Antique Clothes, Camden Passage, London N.1.



Evelyn 10-30

Unlike Moll Flanders, Evelyn is by no means "a poor desolate girl
out friends, without clothes, without help and exposed to
ry great distresses". America's West Coast is friendly to girls
with Evelyn's shape, given that she is also quite prepared to
to small minority groups with a shareholder's i
being. We are gazing at a very civil
taken her an hour to rise, apply c
a healthy dream bes



Evelyn 2:15pm

An hr. Spying on Evelyn again. Checking her movements. Thought she was asleep, did you? Wanted to creep up on her, stroke some of that deep brown flesh, listen to her moan, toss her head, ask you to do it again in a tone of voice normally reserved for those of us hopelessly lost in huge deserts and expecting only mirages? Like another sex goddess before her, Evelyn is far from modest about her body (Why should she?) All she has on is the radio. Alternatively, she may tend to remind a man of the permanent mystery of everyday life. This mystery has the power to manifest itself under the sign of love or in the presence of those beings particularly spared from the wear and tear of banality

Gina

If you are debating with yourself whether to pay an evening visit to Miss Gina in her upstairs apartment try not to leave it too long. She loathes waiting for men. Staring at the clock or dialling 1-2-3 hardly compares with a decanter of dark red wine, between two

watching the door cannot compete very successfully against a fusillade of French kisses and the fresh crotch stains on a pair of white knickers on the point of having the elastic

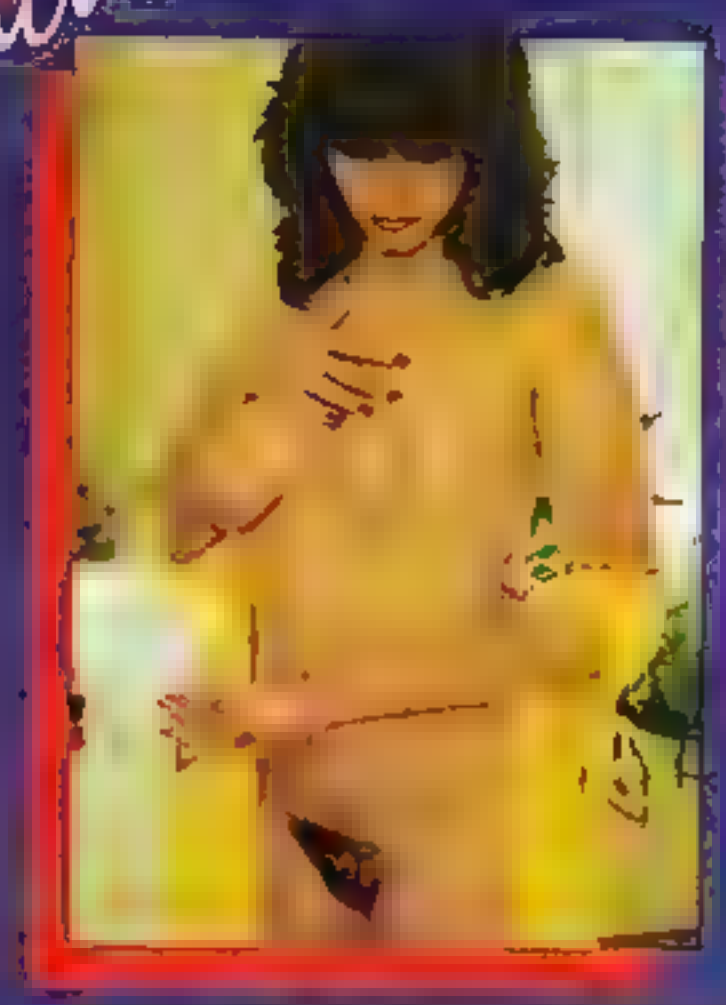
Put your desires down on paper That simple

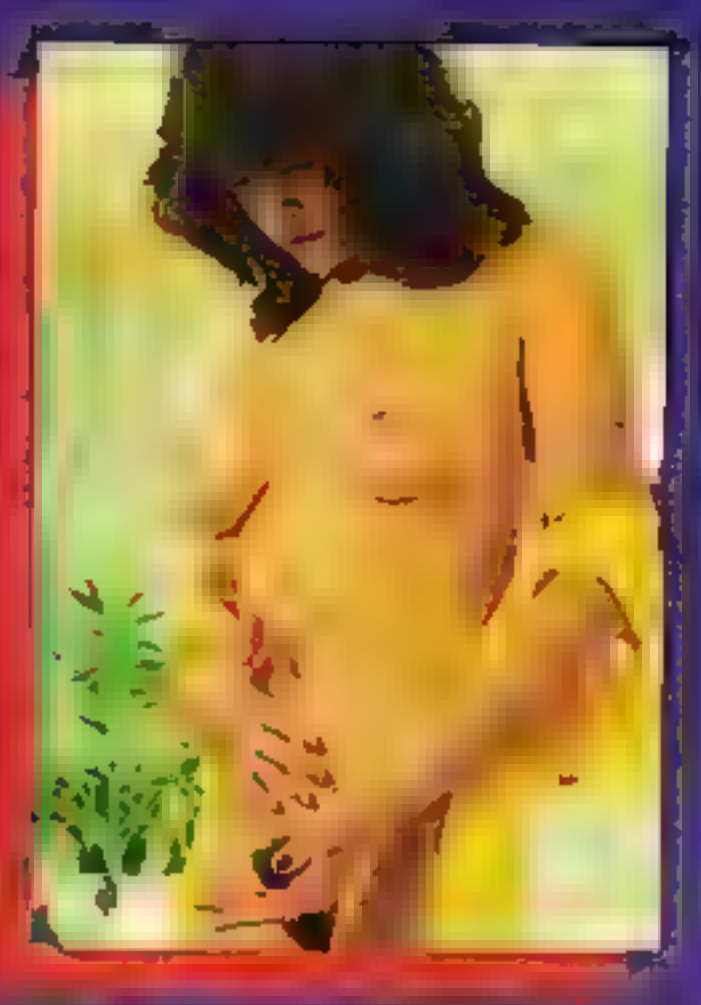
Room Temperature

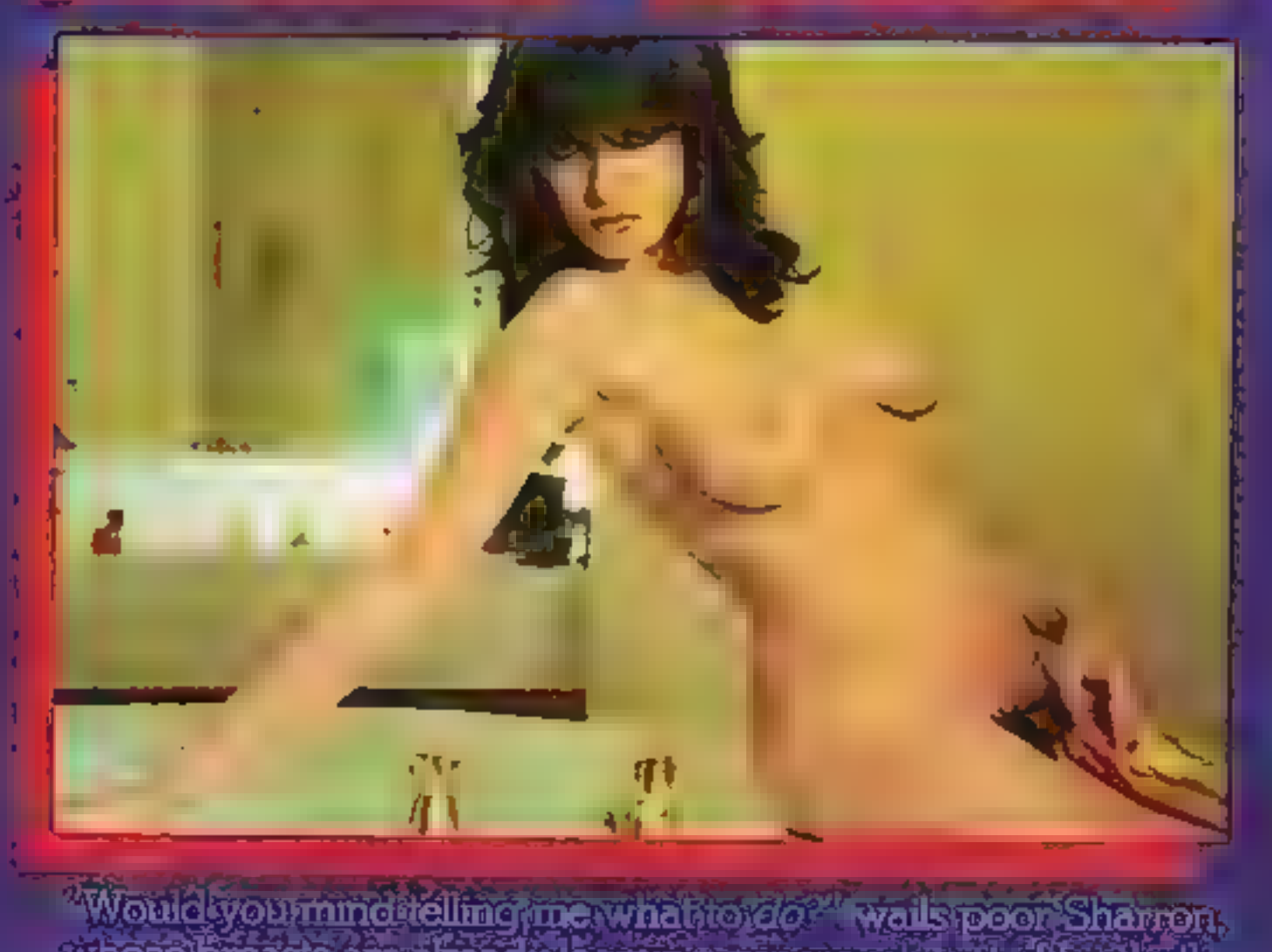
maybe twenty-five times a day. "One man I knew would make me kneel in front of him. He'd run his fingers and then brush through it again and again. It made me very dreamy."

How about sex itself? Miss Gina's fine with the personal questions). "Oh, no complaints there. I'm a steady lover. I take a long while heating up, but it's worth it for both of us when I do. All my orgasms

Sharron







"Would you mind telling me what to do?" wails poor Sharron, whose breasts are already looming generously out of her bath-suit. Finger-tips are large enough in themselves to prevent the water from running away. Hips and bum are long and massive

Photographed by Mike Brannman

"Yeah, strip," drawls a callous voice from behind a Tungsten light. Sharron submits to this demand. The bathrobe slides off her shoulders. The skin serenade that follows is worthy of 17 Spanish guitars and a baritone from the orchestra pit. At least

Into the bath then. Ho-hum. Splash, splash, gurgle. Lovely thighs. Absolutely no need to be kneeling at the keyhole. It's all a humble copywriter can do not to throw his quill to the wind, slip off the boiler-suit and start making intelligent use of the soap.